

# Good Morning 717

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## HOW SIX MEN DIED FOR ONE KILLING

I WONDER if many people know the law in regard to "conspiracy to commit a felony"? Roughly, it is this: If any person forms a compact to engage in any illegal enterprise, he must share the guilt of the conspiracy.

But the law goes farther. If any additional crime—such as murder—grows out of the original act, each person so engaged bears equal guilt.

THERE may be certain circumstances in which judge and jury define acts and responsibility in degrees of guilt, but that is the outline; and whether a person in the compact consents to the second crime arising out of the first does not matter, the responsibility is the same. In the case of a decision to commit suicide between two persons, if one recovers from the attempt, he (or she) can be tried for attempted murder. This has been explained several times by judges.

The reason I mention this law is because I can remember a case—and knew it well—in which six men died for one killing, and four of them went to their execution protesting their innocence, and just could not understand why they should die. They had not consented to the murder; they had not even seen the woman who was murdered.

Maybe the verdicts would have been different in Britain. Maybe not. But the same law operates in America, and it was there that the six men died in the chair at Ossining.

The crime took place in Westchester County, when the Croton Dam was still being built. A farmhouse called the Griffin was not far from the spot, and there lived at the farm Harry Hall, one of the engineers, and his wife; John Ray (also employed at the dam) and his wife; and the Griffin family.

Anna Griffin, who was a tax collector for the school district, was seated on the morning of November 9th, 1911, having her breakfast, when she saw a strange man go past the house and then turn and stare at it. Anna had a safe in the house where she kept the school funds.

A little later Mrs. Ray saw several strangers pass the house. They were clad as labourers who, she thought, worked at the dam. Five minutes after that—at ten o'clock—six men entered the farmyard and asked Miss Griffin if she would sell some eggs. She said she had no eggs, but she had milk.

The men bought a quart, and got it in a bucket, and went away. Some time later they came back for more milk, and wanted to buy a chicken. There were no chickens for sale.

Then one of the men caught her by the arm, thrust a gun into her face, and told her that he would kill her if she screamed. The other

five went round the house; and shortly afterwards Anna Griffin heard screams coming from the house.

The man who held Anna demanded money. She gave him all she had at the moment—about £3. Then the other men came out of the house, and when Anna was released as the men ran away, she entered the farm.

Mrs. Hall lay on her bedroom floor, stabbed to death. The room had been ransacked.

The alarm was raised. Assistant District Attorney Davis was informed. Miss Griffin and Mrs. Ray were both certain the men were Italians. A

with a local detective, drove in a car towards the bridge. The doctor—the only one of the trio who knew the plan—spotted the hiding man. The chase began. It was the local detective who caught him—and gave him such a hiding that the Italian's face bore the marks for a long time. But the Italian acted his part well.

The local detective was sure they had the murderer. "That's the bird," he announced as they drove back to headquarters. "His face tells you he's a murderer!"

The sheriff was taken into the plot, and agreed to put the Italian into gaol beside one of the real suspects.

The Italian detective did his job. He moaned to his gaol-mate that he had been grabbed without provocation, that he was a victim of hard luck, that he knew nothing about the

He had thrown the gun away, but he told the cops where he had pitched it into a field, and there it was found. He told them where he had hid the money in a stone wall, and it was there.

Salvatore was tried first, condemned, and went to join his five companions in prison. The whole six were tried for murder, and it came out that the man who had actually done the killing was Zanza. But all were sentenced to death.

They occupied six cells in the Death Row. The first to ride the lightning was Zanza. He was taken out one night and went to the chair whimpering; but confessing to the murder.

Guista went next. He protested that he had only held Mrs. Hall, but he did not know that Zanza was going to kill her!

The other four were allowed to stay in the Death Row for a month. They all began to shout that they never knew of the killing, which was true. They had not even seen Mrs. Hall. They had intended robbery, yes, but not murder.

But the law did not answer their howls of protest. The law delayed their executions because a few more details were wanted, and were found. After that the four were told that there would not be any respite. It was the chair that awaited them, and they were all to walk the last mile on the same night.

It was a ghastly business, that last day. Dr. Squire, who acted as surgeon and did the autopsies, told me that he could never forget it as long as he was alive.

It was on August 12th, 1912, that the four were scheduled to die, and all day the Death House—where there were another two awaiting death—was in an uproar.

The Italians kept up a constant wailing and protesting. They appealed loudly to everything on earth and in heaven. Their yells and howling were heard all over the prison.

Wardens and guards could not make them be quiet. They protested until they were hoarse, rested, and howled again. Witnesses and officials were unnerved at the racket. Shrieks arose all day, while the men writhed in contortions of hysteria and mental turmoil.

But the law had to be satisfied. They were led out, one by one, supported by guards, held firmly, slammed into the chair, strapped, and the current sent through them, one after the other.

It was a horrible business, a regular nightmare indeed. For days the spectators could not get the sight out of their minds.

Thus six men died for one killing. And the entire tragedy arose out of a "conspiracy to commit a felony."

When the surgeon in the autopsy-room was sawing through the skulls of the dead men to prove they were dead, he was sent for urgently. Another prisoner in the Death House, awaiting execution, had been attacked by acute appendicitis.

So the surgeon left the dead to attend the just living, and cure him—so that he might die in the chair later.

And he, when his turn came, said to the prison doctor: "Doc, it's a hick world. I'm about dead with appendicitis and you cure me. Then they stick me in the chair and take away my life. Say, doc, what the hell's the matter with you at the theft. He was the man who had carried the revolver."

### Crime writer STUART MARTIN relates an extraordinary case of "conspiracy to commit a felony" when six men died in the electric chair for the murder of a woman

pile of workmen's clothing was found not far from the house. It was identified as being clothing belonging to some Italians seen at Croton Lake Station.

Orders were sent out to round up every Italian within a radius of five miles of the farm. Thirty were brought in, and after questioning some were held for further investigation. But something more had to be done to get identification.

And then A.D. Attorney Davis met Dr. A. O. Squire, who was at that time coroner for the district. They formed one of the strangest plans to find the assailants. The plan was worked out in Dr. Squire's office.

They telephoned to an Italian private detective in New York, asking him to come along. He did. He was offered £2 a day to do as he was told to do. He agreed, after everything had been explained. And he earned his money.

This was the plan: The Italian detective dressed himself in old clothes, let his beard grow, rumpled his hair, and armed himself with a stiletto. (The wounds on the dead woman showed she had been stabbed by a two-edged weapon.) The detective was also given a pistol. He was told to hide next day under a bridge south of Croton Lake. He was thus set to be "arrested."

Dr. Squire and Miss Griffin,

murder. And the Italian real suspect fell for it.

He agreed that this new captive was innocent. Talking in their native language, they compared notes. The Italian detective got the names of five of the men who had been to the farm. They all lived in Brooklyn. But they had not meant to murder. They had



"Dope! I said 'Bring me a wrench!'"

meant to steal money they thought was in the house.

That was where the "conspiracy to commit a felony" came in—and the murder just happened!

The five were soon found in Brooklyn. They were Santa Zanza, Angelo Guista, Vincenzo Cornu, Felipe Demarco, and Lorenzo Cali.

The sixth man, Salvatore Demarco, was next traced, and arrested also in Brooklyn, where he was in hiding. He was arrested late one night in bed.

At first he denied that he was at the farm, but the five who had already been arrested all declared that he had been with them; so, they said, he should be tried with them. Why should he escape justice? They didn't know then that they were to be charged with murder, all of them.

Salvatore, to please his pals, admitted that he had been in at the theft. He was the man who had carried the revolver.

## No "Lonely Side," Stoker John Woolven

REMEMBER Bockinford and the walks you and your wife used to take there, L-Sto, John Woolven? Well, Mrs. Woolven is very much looking forward to them again. She hopes it won't be long before you can go to the Ritz and the Granada in Maidstone, too.

We called first at 5, Courtenay Road, Maidstone, where we met your wife's mother. She directed us to the Kent Engineering Works, where she told us we would find Mrs. Woolven, and along we went.

Your wife hopes you will soon be following Peggy's example. She has just been demobbed from the A.T.S. and is busy settling into the old routine again.

Your wife is hoping she won't be "A Little on the Lonely Side" much longer. She looks forward to having you back to play it for her.

Till then she sends all her love and best wishes to you, John, together with a suggestion that you write more often. So how about it, sailor?

## Gleanings for A.B. Bill Wells

WE found your father on holiday when we called at Maidstone to get a message from home for you, A.B. Bill Wells.

He and mother were going to Sheerness the day after we called, taking David, Bernard (or Frank) and your sister along with them. Your "grandson" Michael was going, too. We wouldn't know how your sister's little boy is your grandson, but that's what Dad told us, so there it is, Bill.

The garden is in very good shape this year, and the strawberries have provided a big crop of fruit. Mother is particularly sorry you were not home to help eat them, but David and Bernard deputised for you.

While he has been on holiday, Dad has been along to the "Kingsley" to glean some "local" news.

He has met Archie and Ted, on leave, but both of them expect to be sent out in your direction. Keep on the lookout for them, Bill.

All the folk at the "Kingsley" ask after you, and they all hope to see you back soon. Your father said that'll be the day they put the flags out at home.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1





# HOW TO DIDDLE AN ENGLISH DOCTOR IS THE PLOT FORMED BY HAJJI AND HIS MASTER

I INQUIRED my way to the ambassador's house, and actually set off with the intention of putting the doctor's wishes into execution, and getting, if possible, a writhing disorder on the road; but, upon more mature reflection, I recollected that a stomach-ache was not a marketable commodity which might be purchased at a moment's notice; for although lettuce and cucumber might disagree with an old grand vizier, yet it was a hundred to one but they would find an easy digestion in a young person like me.

However, I determined to obtain the pill by stratagem, if I could not procure it in a more direct manner.

I considered that if I feigned to be ill, the doctor would very probably detect me, and turn me out of his house for a cheat, so I preferred the easier mode of passing myself off for one of the servants of the royal harem, and then making out some story by which I might attain my end.

I accordingly stepped into one of the old clothes' shops in the bazaar, and hired a cloak for myself, such as the scribes wear.

Then substituting a roll of paper in my girdle instead of a dagger, I flattered myself that I might pass for something more than a common servant.

I soon found out where the ambassador dwelt. Bearing in mind all that Mirza Ahmak had told me, I rather approached the door of the doctor's residence with fear and hesitation.

I found the avenues to it crowded with poor women, bearing infants in their arms, who, I was told, came to receive the new-fashioned preservative against the small-pox.

This, it was supposed for political reasons, the Frahks were anxious to promote; and, as the doctor performed the operation gratis, he had no lack of patients, particularly of the poorer sort, who could not approach a Persian doctor without a present, or a good fee in their hand.

On entering, I found a man seated in the middle of the room, near an elevated wooden platform, upon which were piled boxes, books, and a variety of instruments and utensils, the uses of which were unknown to me.

He was in dress and appearance the most extraordinary looking infidel I had ever seen.

His chin and upper lip were without the vestige of a hair upon them, as like a eunuch as possible. He kept his head most respectfully uncovered, and wore a tight bandage round his neck, with other contrivances on the sides of his cheeks, as if he were anxious to conceal some wound or disease.

His clothes were fitted so tight to his body, and his outward coat in particular was cut off at such sharp angles, that it was evident cloth was a scarce and dear commodity in his country.

The lower part of his dress was particularly improper, and he kept his boots on in his room, without any consideration for the carpet he was treading upon, which struck me as a custom subversive of all decorum.

I found that he talked our language; for, as soon as he saw me, he asked me how I did, and then immediately remarked that it was a fine day, which was so self-evident a truth, that I immediately agreed to it.

I then thought it necessary to

make him some fine speeches, and was not his custom to administer medicine to his patients without first seeing them, for by so doing he would probably do more harm than good; but that if he found the slave was in want of his aid, he should be very happy to attend her.

I answered to this, that as to seeing the face of the Georgian slave, that was totally out of the question, for no man ever was

To all this he said nothing.

## Part 2 of Hajji Baba's medical adventure. By J. MORIER

I then told him that the king himself, having heard of the wonderful effects of his medicine upon the person of his grand vizier, had ordered his historian to insert the circumstance in the annals of the empire, as one of the most extraordinary events of his reign.

I said a considerable sensation had been produced in his majesty's seraglio, for many of the ladies had immediately been taken ill, and were longing to make a trial of his skill—that the king's favourite Georgian slave was, in fact, at this moment in great pain—that I had been deputed by the chief eunuch, owing to a special order from his majesty, to procure medicine similar to that which the first minister had taken—and I concluded my speech by requesting the doctor immediately to furnish me with some.

He seemed to ponder over what I had told him; and, after reflecting a short time, said that it

allowed that liberty in Persia, excepting her husband.

In cases of extreme necessity, perhaps a doctor might be permitted to feel a woman's pulse, but then it must be done when a veil covers the hand.

To which the Frank replied, "In order to judge of my patient's case I must not only feel the pulse, but see the tongue also."

"Looking at the tongue is totally new in Persia," said I; "and I am sure you could never be indulged with such a sight in the seraglio, without a special order from the king himself; a eunuch would rather cut out his own tongue first."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "recollect, that if I deliver my medicine to you, I do so without taking any responsibility upon myself for its effects; for if it does not cure it may perhaps kill."

When I had assured him that no harm or prejudice could possibly

accrue to him, he opened a large chest, which appeared to be full of drugs, and taking therefrom the smallest quantity of a certain white powder, he mixed it up, with some bread, into the form of a pill, and putting it into paper gave it me, with proper directions how it should be administered.

Seeing that he made no mystery of his knowledge, I began to question him upon the nature and properties of this particular medicine, and upon his practice in general.

He answered me without any reserve; not like our Persian doctors, who only make a parade of fine words, and who adjust every ailment that comes before them to what they read in their Galen, their Hippocrates, and their Abou Avicenna.

When I had learned all I could, I left him with great demonstration of friendship and thankfulness, and immediately returned to Mirza Ahmak, who doubtless was waiting for me with great impatience.

Having divested myself of my borrowed cloak and resumed my own dress, I appeared before him with a face made up for the occasion, for I wished to make him

believe that the lettuce and cucumber had done their duty. At every word I pretended to receive a violent twitch, and acted my part so true to life that Mirza, stern and inflexible nature of Mirza Ahmak himself was moved into somewhat like pity for me.

"There! there," said I, as I entered his apartment, "in the name of Allah take your prize": and then pretending to be bent double, I made the most horrid grimaces, and uttered deep groans: "there! I have followed your orders, and now throw myself upon your generosity."

He endeavoured to take the object of his search from me, but I kept it fast.

I gave him to understand that I expected prompt reward. I made indications of an intention to swallow it unless he actually gave me something in hand.

So fearful was he of not being able to answer the king's interrogatories concerning the pill, so anxious to get it into his possession, that he actually pressed a gold piece upon me.

No lover could sue his mistress with more earnestness to grant him (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. When was the present International Signal Code universally adopted?  
2. What is the difference between a doublet and a triplet?  
3. What is a sagamore?  
4. Who held the County Cricket championship in 1939?

5. How many petals has a primrose?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Rice, Oatmeal, Wheat, Barley, Tapioca, Maize.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 716

1. Italy.  
2. Sotonian.  
3. Merlin.  
4. Kind of apple.  
5. P.m.  
6. Boil is done with water; others aren't.

## The Things People Do

BABIES come in all sizes, but mostly round 7½ lbs. So when Mrs. Alice Toland, of Horrabridge, Devon, had a baby son turning the scale at 13½ lbs., she was probably a bit surprised. At any rate, you can bet her Army sergeant husband was. He may be a man of big ideas.

They had a cot ready for Baby Toland, but they could only just fit him into it, for he was 24½ ins. long. His head touched the top rail, and his feet the bottom.

But hardly had the Toland parents got used to being looked upon as something out of the ordinary, when Mrs. Toland had a letter from her sister-in-law, living in Dublin, telling her that she had just had a baby weighing 14 lbs.—a girl!

The Toland kid still holds the blue ribbon for length in the family.

There have been 14-lbs. babies before, but they are scarce. The record is held by a London baby, who weighed 33 lbs. at birth.

THEY said he would go bankrupt in three years. He grinned, and carried on. That was sixteen years ago, and he's made a packet.

His name is Mr. Justin Brooke, former London tea merchant. When he retired he took a farm at Wickhambrook, Suffolk, and let it be known that he was going to grow fruit.

He had always said it could be grown cheaper in England than anywhere else on earth.

To-day, he is producing peaches so cheaply that he can afford to sell them for 3d.—they are about 7s. 6d. in the shops—and intends eventually to have 1,000 acres for fruit production. He already has one of the largest fruit farms in the country, and grows huge quantities of cherries, plums, strawberries, greengages, black and red currants and raspberries.

When he started, he found that the birds got about ten per cent. of his crops.

He cleared all the hedges and ditches with bull-dozers. As a result he has practically eliminated his greatest plague.

If you want some cheap fruit, see Mr. Brooke. He may give you a tip about growing peaches in the back-garden.

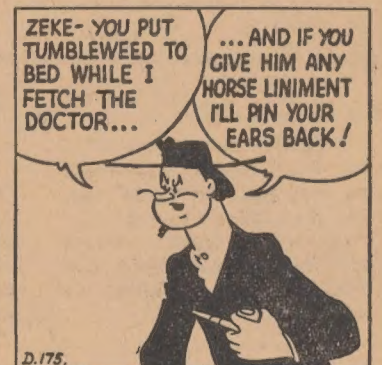
D.N.K.B.

### Alex Crack

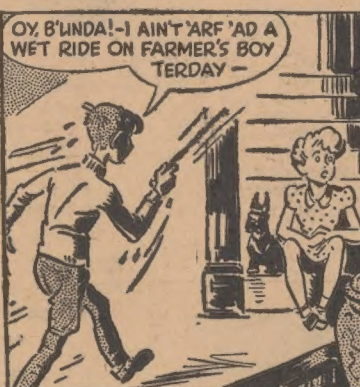
Mrs. Parker: When I told you that secret, I had no idea that you were the sort of person who would give it away.

Mrs. Harker (haughtily): Excuse me, I did not give your secret away. I merely exchanged it for another.

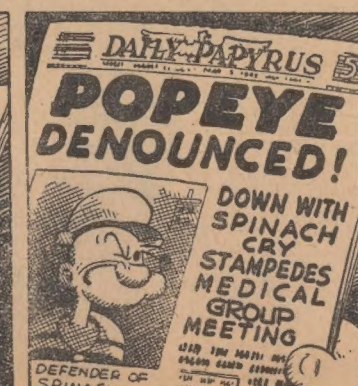
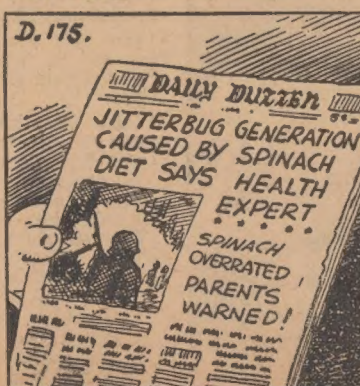
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 657

- 1. Behead a fancy and get him.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: What's the riddle of a riddle's release?
- 3. What weapon can be spelt in 5 capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I made to his —, but found only a wig in my hands.

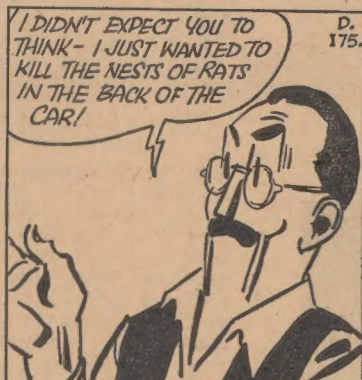
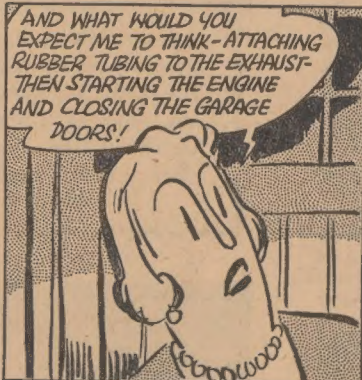
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 656

- 1. W-help.
- 2. Look lively and lay that light linoleum.
- 3. LINNET.
- 4. Buries, rubies.

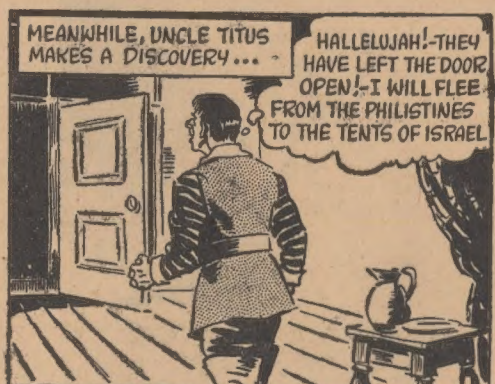
JANE



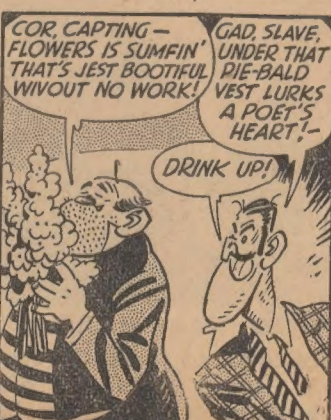
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Hajji Baba's Medical Adventure

a favour than the doctor did me for my pill. I should very probably have continued the deceit a little longer, and have endeavoured to extract another piece from him. But when I saw him preparing a dose of his own mixture to ease my pain, I thought it high time to finish, and pretending all of a sudden to have received relief, I gave up my prize. When once he had got possession, he looked at it with intense eagerness, and turned it over and over on his palm, without appearing one whit more advanced in his knowledge than before. At length, after permitting him fully to exhaust his conjectures, I told him that the Frank doctor had made no secret in saying that it was composed of *jivch*, or mercury. "Mercury, indeed!" exclaimed Mirza Ahmak—"just as if I did

not know that. And so, because this infidel, this dog, chooses to poison us with mercury, I am to lose my reputation, and my prescriptions (such as his father never even saw in a dream) are to be turned into ridicule. Whoever heard of mercury as a medicine? Mercury is cold, and lettuce and cucumber are cold also. You would not apply ice to dissolve ice? "The ass does not know the first rudiments of his profession. No, Hajji, this will never do; we must not permit our beards to be laughed at in this manner." He continued to inveigh for a considerable time against his rival; but he was stopped by a message from the king, who ordered him to repair forthwith to his presence. (To be concluded.)

EATING THROUGH THE CENTURIES

At the height of industrial prosperity, with the wealth and variety of the world's production available, with all the discoveries of science at her call, Britain started on the present century with more widespread under-nourishment than had ever been known before—except during famine periods of other days. The rich and middle-classes fed well, but the conditions of the less well-to-do in the cities and towns was deplorable. Bread was once more practically the only fare of the poorer people, and large families were brought up on bread and strong tea. What is most important—the bread was not the nourishing loaf the old-time labourer ate, rough and dark as it was. By this time the millers had so refined the wheat, discarding, in the process, the essential germ of the grain, that it was lacking in most of its goodness. It still is. Cheaper, tastier foods took the place of the former plain but nutritious fare. Fish and chips, kippers and second-rate sausages replaced the healthier food which, when available, was enjoyed by earlier generations of working-class folk. At home, and in the schools, children were fed

with masses of bulky foods which left them full-up—yet under-nourished. It came as a tremendous shock when as late as 1936, a famous nutritionist, after careful research, reported that one half of the population was not getting sufficient for health of essential foods, such as milk, fruit and green vegetables. Of this number, probably some 4,500,000 were unable to afford them. The other 18,000,000 lacked enough knowledge of food values to buy them. Shortly after the 1914-18 war, the pendulum had swung back. Trade depression brought unemployment and high prices. In the worst-hit areas bread was once again the stand-by, and it often only just staved off starvation among the poor. Even in less poverty-stricken districts, the principal fare was bread, margarine, jam, sugar, tea—and the inevitable fish and chips. Sometimes there was meat—hardly ever fresh vegetables or milk. But by the start of the second world war things were looking up. Education had persuaded people of all classes who could afford them, the importance of essential foods. There had been amazing results from this—and the rise in the standard of living. Compared with the start of the century, fruit consumption was up 88 per cent. D. N. K. B.

VERY HOT AIR

BEST Jap fighter to date is the Navy Kawanishi Shiden (violet lightning), bearing the U.S. code name of "George." Looking somewhat like a smaller P.47 Thunderbolt, "George" is descended from the Kawanishi Kyofu float-plane fighter. Minus the float-planes, "George" manages 420 m.p.h.—excellent in any language. The 2,000 h.p. Nakajima Homare radial engine is the highest-powered engine used by Jap Air Force. "George" is being used exclusively in the unenviable role of Home Defence fighter.

NEWS is released of two more designs for Britain's merchant air service. The Vickers Viking 27-seater twin-engined passenger plane (210 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft.); the Blackburn Clydesman super-sized flying-boat, carrying a maximum of 160 passengers with 30,360 lbs. of freight for 2,500 miles at 269 m.p.h. This will be the biggest and fastest flying-boat yet built by Britain.

A LANCASTER bomber has been flying over the North Pole recently carrying an expedition from the Empire Air Navigation School of the R.A.F. The object of the expedition is to study navigation in the conditions imposed by Polar flying and to collect magnetic and meteorological data. A medical observer has also been carried, to observe the effect of the study of such data on the crew!

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SPOUT	CARP
JOAN	ISABEL
ARREST	PUPA
BED	PHAETON
O	OGEE
TUNED	DENTS
N	N SODA
PARENTS	TOP
EBOR	REVIVE
ALPACA	AYER
REEL	WIDEN

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13			14		
15					16	17		
			18	19			20	21
22	23				24	25		
26				27	28			
		29	30				31	32
34	35				36	37		
38							39	
40					41			

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Beetle, 6 Fuel, 10 Wood, 11 Flavouring, 12 Evergreen, 14 Landing-stage, 15 Golden Eagle, 16 Goat, 18 Blackthorn, 20 Refreshment, 22 Close-packed, 24 Bird, 26 Curve, 27 Got up, 29 Musical symbol, 31 Deeds, 34 Genuine, 36 Popular enthusiasm, 38 Jostles, 39 Fibre covering, 40 Countenance, 41 Frays.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Contend, 2 Hound, 3 Related, 4 Time before, 5 Proportion, 6 Whistle, 7 Sovereign remedy, 8 Drink, 9 But, 13 Garment, 17 Insects, 19 Stringed instrument, 21 Middle, 22 Girl's name, 23 Indict, 25 Apparatus, 28 Bid, 30 Baltic dweller, 32 Arrive, 33 Collections, 35 Difficulty, 37 Republic.



# Good Morning



**THIS ENGLAND.**—In the quaint old fishing village of Staithes, in Yorkshire, a mother plays ring a ring of roses around the fountain which supplies the villagers with their water. Charming, we agree, but mother would probably prefer all mod. con. !



## MAKING HER MARK.

After all the times we've told luscious Janet Carter to be careful not to sit on a cane-bottomed chair before posing for pictures — this is what we get. Doesn't that girl ever think of the impression she leaves behind !



## THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Big-boy Collie towers over his puppy friend. The intense sadness in the puppy's eyes, we have only seen matched once — and that was by a very little husband who was waiting patiently while his enormous wife finished her shopping.

## RIDE 'EM JENNY !



A Jenny Wren shows a shapely silken calf as she climbs into the cockpit of a German "Human" Torpedo. This show (the torpedo, NOT the calf) was part of an exhibition held at the end of Southend Pier. The lower portion (of the torpedo, idiot ! ) is the explosive charge, which is released when the target is in range.



**"HOUDINI" TRIES TO END IT ALL.** This gentleman has the harmless habit of allowing himself to be trussed up with ropes and chains and then diving into a swimming-pool. Idea is to untie himself under water and bob up, shouting, "Peek-a-boo !" So far, it's always come off — so far.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

